

A Poem from Clarice Westlake's latest book

More Rhyme and Reason

A poem written in response to the on-going threat
of a mass burn incinerator in St.Dennis Cornwall

Reproduced by kind permission of Clarice Westlake



Clarice Westlake

Clarice Westlake

More Rhyme and Reason

Poems and anecdotes from the heart of Cornwall



The Voice of an Unborn Child

I am a child as yet unborn
I have no voice, no vote, no choice
The life I'll live is the one you give
Please think of me

I may be your grandchild, nephew, son
A part of you, just now begun
Give me the chance to see the sky
And watch the billowing clouds roll by
Please think of me

I wish to live a life like you
Fresh air to breathe; good things to do
I want to live a normal span
Grow up and be an honest man
Please think of me

Some say the risks are very small
For my sake, take no risks at all
Don't take the chance that I may die
Don't watch my parents mourn and cry
Please think of me

I am a child as yet unborn
I have no voice, no vote, no choice
The life I'll live is the one you give
PLEASE think of me